

A French Prisoner of War Tells of His Escape From a German Camp

BEING THE FIRST-HAND NARRATIVE OF A POULIC, HEARD BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN FRANCE AND SENT BY HIM TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

"Pigs get much better food than do the prisoners."

"Some men picked the potato peelings thrown away by the Germans, boiled them and ate them."

"We even hit upon the idea of boiling our bread, as it made it look more."

"There was no need of X-rays to see through our bodies: there was not much flesh on the bones."

Atrocious deeds committed by the Germans, especially to prisoners of the Allied forces in their custody are brought but more vividly again in the address of a French soldier, the above being excerpts, which was related to an audience of American soldiers in a Young Men's Christian Association building in France.

A typewritten copy of the address of the foreigner, who was captured himself by the heartless Huns and who escaped after 16 months' imprisonment, has been received from Private Saul Goldberg, attached to the Signal Corps, American Expeditionary Forces.

The story as told by the French soldier was as follows:

"I was taken prisoner two years ago, on January 24, 1916, near Arras.

"Toward the end of that month the Germans carried out a series of attacks with mines in that region. It was one month before the great battle of Verdun, and in several parts of the front there were attacks, undoubtedly intended to deceive us.

"On the 24th of January, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I was standing at the bottom of the stairs of my dugout in the firing line occupied by my platoon when the German mines were fired. The dugout collapsed, killing one of my men. The top of the stairs was destroyed and the entrance to the dugout locked up with the loose earth from the crater. I was shut in with three men. We had with us just one short-handled spade. We at once started to burrow to get out, and after seven hours very hard work we succeeded, but the Germans had captured our trench, and we were taken prisoners as we came out one by one.

"When a man is taken prisoner, generally after a tough time, his wits are a good deal scattered. He begins to collect them after a few days in a prisoners' camp, by which time he can appreciate the meaning of captivity. As soon as he arrives he is told by fellow-prisoners to ask his relatives or friends to send him parcels of food if he does not wish to go hungry.

"Then, when he is better acquainted with life in the camp, although there is nothing very agreeable about it, he soon forgets the hard times in the trenches and his desire is to imitate the numerous men who have made good their escape. Each prisoner, according to his character, conceives his escape in a different way. Some dream of dramatic adventures, while others, of simpler mind, carefully calculate every chance. I believe that if a man really wants to escape he must stick to a few general principles:

"First—He should find a companion whom he can trust: one man alone is liable to be very quickly disheartened. Two or three men cheer one another up, and in company, time passes by much quicker. More than three men is dangerous, a party marching together being easier to hear or see, and when you escape you must not be seen or heard.

"Second—As soon as your escape is thought of you must procure a map and a compass. This is not easy. It is dangerous to ask for them, and if ever the Germans get wind that you are looking out for such things their watch will be closer and the escape will be all the more difficult. You must, therefore, inquire very discreetly until you find in the camp a fellow-prisoner possessing a map and a compass. These objects are either skillfully concealed in a parcel from France or sometimes made by the prisoners themselves. When you have got these objects the map must be carefully studied and then a parcel is made up of the food necessary for the journey.

"Third—A man who wants to escape must be prudent both in conversation and his attitude. The implements which he has got for his escape, such as map, compass and civilian clothes, must always be concealed very carefully.

"Lastly—A great deal of patience and will is needed: you must only consider the end and not allow yourself to be discouraged. The advantages you will secure by your escape are great enough to give you heart.

"These principles were explained to me by a man who had been a prisoner for some time. As soon as I received my first parcels from home I was ready to seize any opportunity I might meet. In Germany platoon commanders are not compelled to go with the fatigue parties, but as Germans need workmen they have tried everything to induce them to volunteer for the work. Thus during my stay in Germany I have been shifted a good deal and sent twice with repair detachments. Altogether I have been in six camps, and within the same camp I have been often shifted from barrack to barrack. As soon as a prisoner is in a camp he collects a reserve of food, various cooking utensils and several sets of underwear. Thus shifting is very tedious and a part of your pack must be abandoned each time.

"Reprisals have been made by the Germans several times. The first detachment to which I was sent was made up with the object of compelling France to bring back all the German prisoners sent to North Africa. The German policy was to collect seven detachments of 2,000 each, which was successfully sent to Russia. I went with the fourth. We were

subjected to very strict treatment without any relaxation. For 12 hours a day we had to fell trees and to carry them to a sawmill, where they were sawed into boards or scantlings. The food, already insufficient in camp, was still further reduced by one-half. Our parcels and letters were kept two months in a camp before being sent to us. Therefore, the first two months we had to suffer horribly from starvation.

"It was during this time that I made my first attempt to escape: we were then near Grodno, 80 miles from the Russian lines. I calculated that in an easterly direction there was a chance of finding breaks in the swamps. I had my food reserve in a parcel, sufficient to last only six days. I borrowed a compass from a friend, who at first was willing to come with me, but at the last moment the long journey frightened him, and I set out alone.

"The first two days all went well; I passed right through an immense forest and was disturbed by nothing more serious than ants and mosquitoes when resting. The next morning I reached a large glade which is crossed by the road from Grodno to Lyda. Just before leaving the forest I saw a wolf hunting wild duck, and was afraid, because I had no weapons and if wolves were about I might be set upon at any moment. I took a roundabout course and crossed the road. On the other side I saw a village and a river. I got back to the forest again, as it was almost dawn.

"At nightfall I went on again, but was much less bold since I had seen the wolf. I avoided the woods now. That night I had to pass through a village, as I had no water left. I was stopped by some Russians, who looked me up. These Russians are not bad men, but they are in moral terror of the Germans, who employ them to serve as police in their district.

"Perhaps I could have got away from them, but my long solitary march had told on my nerve. I was somewhat discouraged and made no attempt to resist. The Russians took me to a neighboring town to hand me over to the Germans. I am quite sure these poor Russians were more afraid of the Germans than I was. After 21 days' confinement in cells, I was sent back to the party I had left.

"We were taken back to Germany after a stay of five months in Russia. A few months afterward I was again sent with a reprisal detachment—on the French front this time. Of course I made preparations for another attempt to escape and for this associated myself with another platoon commander, who had already attempted twice to escape. It was winter. The ground was covered with deep snow and it was bitterly cold. This induced us to postpone the attempt.

"On the first of May an agreement was entered into between the French and German governments, and we were withdrawn 20 miles from the lines. In this part of the invaded regions the French population gave me the impression of being indomitable. Once, when crossing a small town, in spite of the sentries' efforts, the population mixed with us, giving us food, shaking hands, shouting 'Vive la France, etc.'

"A few weeks later we were to return to Germany and then my friend and I decided to escape. We had not tried to cross the German lines, because it seemed almost impossible, but we were resolved to make our attempt from the train which brought us back to our camp. A few days before our departure we had managed to copy a map of the Belgian, Dutch and German frontiers in the vicinity of Aix-la-Chapelle, hoping that it would be near that city that we would escape. Each of us had made a parcel of food. In case we received wounds, either from the fall when jumping from the train or by a bullet from the sentries, we took everything necessary to dress them and as my friend could not swim, I took a coil of telephone wire to pull him across any unfordable river that we might meet.

"All went better than we had hoped. First, the train, instead of heading eastward, was switched on to a line between the Rhine and the Dutch frontier. When it became dark the sentries instead of remaining locked the door and went away to rest. At this moment I felt the same intense excitement one feels when going to an attack. The moment had come and it was imperative that I should jump within the next hour or two. It was not dark enough before 11 o'clock and at that time the train was going too fast. It was impossible to jump. At midnight we arrived at Crefel and remained in the station two long hours.

"I need not tell you how great was my impatience: I was nearly despairing, and when, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the train started off again, I was ready to alight in the station itself. My friend was asleep. I woke him, and a few minutes later I had scrambled through the ventilator and reached the footboard of the car. I waited there, so as to jump off at the same moment as my friend. He also passed through the ventilator and jumped down. I heard him fall heavily on the track and I jumped immediately. I held my parcel of food in my hand to soften the fall. Nevertheless, taking contact with the track was very rough.

"Then we had a nasty surprise. Four other prisoners in another car had also jumped out of the train and for a few minutes we took one another for Germans. With my friend and one of these four men, we hurried off, and unluckily struck a suburb of Crefel. Off we went, through streets, over railroads, climbing one garden fence after another and meeting many obstacles. On the way we lost our third comrade. When day broke we were in open country, near a wood in which we hid during the first day. There we dressed a slight wound each one had on the knee. We made a screen of branches, to be bet-



BEAT GERMANY
Support EVERY FLAG
that opposes Prussianism
Eat less of the food fighters need
DENY yourself something
WASTE NOTHING

ter hidden, and we went quietly to sleep.

"When dark we reached the river that had stopped us in the morning. We would have been very delighted to land a bridge, but as probably we would have found Germans also, which was the very thing we wanted to avoid, we undressed and made a pack of our things. I was agreeably surprised to find that the water was not cold and that we could cross it without swimming, it was about four feet deep. On the other side we dressed again and went on. A moment later we struck a canal. It was shallower than the river, and I went across, carrying my friend on my back, thus losing less time. Then we went on again through cornfields and woods. Very cautiously we passed a wooded hill which we thought might be the frontier and then struck another river. We crossed it, as we had crossed the first one, and as it became light we hid in a bush near this river and discussed the point whether we were now in Holland or still in Germany.

"I wore a French military uniform with light blue velvet trousers. All the civilian clothes that we possessed were a short black coat, such as French workmen wear and a soft felt hat. I put them on in case we might still be in Germany. On the left of the road, at the entrance to the village, I saw an old man in his garden. I went straight up to him and addressing him in my best German, asked where I was. I told him a story to the effect that I had come for a day's fishing and had lost my way. Little by little, I learned that I was still in Germany, a quarter of an hour's walk from the frontier. I asked the old man the way to the nearest railroad station and went away in the direction he indicated, trying to look unconcerned as possible. But inwardly I was much concerned.

"Anyhow, to my great relief, when darkness fell, I was still at large. I tried to go back to the bush where I had left my friend. But I could not find it. I have learned since that he was captured and taken back to the camp. I then marched in the direction which I thought to be the right one. The sky, which was very clear the previous night, was now overcast. No stars were to be seen, and I had left my compass in the bush.

"During the day I had heard the noise of quite a number of railroad trains, and I supposed they were running on a line which crossed the frontier. Consequently, my aim was to reach that line. About an hour after I had left the wood, I found the track. I crossed it and marched along for about another 500 yards. I was walking along the side of a field of rye. The rye was about four feet high. I was wearing slippers, but nevertheless, must have made some noise in the grass, for I suddenly heard a tread of heavy boots on hard ground. Being so close to the frontier and near the line of sentries, the object of all my efforts was to hear the sentry before he heard me so that as soon as I heard the noise made by heavy boots, I laid quickly down on the grass.

"This time I was absolutely sure

NO MORE RUNNING SORES

Ed. D. Heckerman Sells An Ointment Called San Cura That is a Positive Relief.

It matters not how old, persistent or poisonous the sore is, San Cura Ointment the powerful antiseptic will draw out the poison and promptly heal the sore.

So sure of this are the owners, the Thompson Medical Co., that they have authorized Mr. Heckerman to return the purchase price if San Cura Ointment doesn't do all this paper says it will do. No fairer offer was ever made.

B. D. Dutton, Titusville, Pa., says: "My arm was covered with twenty-four running sores and swollen to twice its natural size. San Cura Ointment relieved the pain, drew out the poison and healed the arm in an incredibly short time. It is the greatest compound for healing I ever used."

The healing powers of San Cura Ointment are little short of marvelous. It gives relief, and is guaranteed to help salt rheum, eczema, bleeding, itching or protruding piles, ulcers, boils, carbuncles, chapped hands and chilblains. In cuts, burns, scalds and bruises, it allays pain and is healing. 30c, 60c and \$1.20 a jar. By mail on receipt of price, if your druggist is out of it or does not keep it.

SAN CURA SOAP

For tender, itching or irritable skin wash with San-Cura Soap, the antiseptic soap that soothes and heals, and kills germs of disease. Great for pimples, blackheads, and makes the complexion clear and attractive. 25c at Ed. D. Heckerman's.

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

Who Began Trench Warfare?

THE trench, which always encircled the Roman castra, or camp, was brought to France by Julius Caesar and used by him on the very battlefield where to-day the Allies and the Huns have 25,000 miles of trenches.

With rings of trenches, gradually drawn smaller, probably the first modern trench warfare, the Turks in 1667 took Candia.

Vauban, builder of Verdun, in 1673 employed the first parallel trenches, the system of the present war.

Defeat, not foresight, turned the Germans to trench warfare. But Goodrich never had to dig in.

Since twenty-two years ago Goodrich manufactured the first American pneumatic automobile tire, Goodrich has driven ahead to the big, graceful, masterful—

GOODRICH SERVICE VALUE TIRES

But whether Goodrich was revolutionizing tire manufacture by bringing forth the first American clinchertire—

Or originating the one practical non-skid, the cross-bar, safety-tread, or tough black tread rubber—

Goodrich built tires to one end—SERVICE VALUE—what they are worth to the motorist on his car and on the road in COMFORT of an easier riding car—ECONOMY in gasoline saved,—and LONG MILEAGE.

Small difference whether you buy GOODRICH SILVERTOWN CORDS, or BLACK SAFETY TREADS, you get SERVICE VALUE TIRES.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.
Altoona Branch: 1620 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

THE CITY OF GOODRICH • AKRON, OHIO.

that I was near the frontier. I could not see the sentry and felt almost sure that he couldn't see me. It was early in the night and I had plenty of time before me. At that moment, the tension of my nerves eased, and I realized that I was cool and collected more so than at any time since I had jumped from the train. I felt absolutely sure that I could pass through the line of sentries.

"In a hostile country you have to avoid dogs and men, and dogs are even more dangerous than men. All the time you are marching on you dread to see something moving, and you watch very attentively in order to see before being seen. In doing this, all your nerves are strained and you feel very uneasy. The previous night in a meadow, the sight of something moving—it was merely a horse—had made me shiver; but here, at the frontier, ten yards from men with rifles who would do their best to arrest me or kill me, I felt quite at ease, because I knew exactly what danger I had to face and also where these men stood. And I was cheerful, and I laughed to myself, because I felt that I would succeed in cheating their efforts, and that within a short time I would regain my lost liberty.

"As slowly as I had come, I went back and tried to pass further along. There again, as I approached the frontier, I heard a sentry in front of me. I went back again and left this rye field. There was another one nearby, and I crawled to it. With the same precautions, I reached the frontier again and this time there was no sentry. I made a rush for it and was soon in another rye field, but not in Germany.

"The first people I met were Dutch sentries in the village. The next were a German and his wife. He asked me: 'Have you any food to sell?' I answered: 'No, I have only arrived.' 'Oh, he said, just come from Berlin. Impossible to live over there, my wife would not have lived much longer.' I looked at her. She looked even more starved than did my comrades during the reprisals. Then the burgomaster's clerk arrived and I left them. The clerk spoke German and he gave me a bed where I rested a few hours. Then he brought me breakfast such as I had never enjoyed since my capture. Here I met the third escaped prisoner whom we had found and lost the first night. We learned later that his three friends had also failed.

"The burgomaster spoke French. He received us very well and told us that more than 200,000 Germans had passed the frontier since the war, 50,000 of whom were deserters. As we had no money to take tickets for Rotterdam, where the French consul general resides, the burgomaster gave us an escort, and that same evening we were in a hotel at Rotterdam with every possible comfort. In Holland I spent four happy weeks. Since I have spent a still happier time in my own country."

Henry Shaffer and family of Spring Hope and Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Shaffer of Point, motored to Martinsburg, Blair Co. on Saturday to attend a Friends Love Feast that was being held there.

William McCleary a former Point boy passed through this community on Friday. Mr. McCleary was hunting a good farm hand. He has five girls and one boy and still has no farm hand. Mr. McCleary lives on the Mattingly farm below Bedford in Snake Spring township.

On the evening of June 4th Ralph G. Fetter was given a surprise at the home of his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Smith where he resides, it being his sixteenth birthday. Col. Oscar Hershberger one of the leading lights of the evening took him off for an automobile ride. Returning home where he found twenty three young and old awaiting his return. After congratulations, cake and ice cream were served. All then returned to the parlor where Miss Dessie Blackburn presided at the organ. Music and interesting games were indulged in for awhile. When all returned to their homes feeling that it was good for neighbors to meet together in a social way. Ralph received a number of presents. But he has not decided to go into the mercantile business yet.

Jacob Mickel and daughter Ada, Elizabeth Fliley, wife, daughter and son of Windber, Harry Mickel of Ryot, Thomas Sleek and son of New Paris Mrs. John Rock and two daughters of near Schellsburg, Ellen Blackburn of Springhope, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Smith, Irvin Earnest, Joseph Hissong and Miss Florence Evans of Point were Sunday callers at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. McFarlands.

Messrs. A. J. Allen and Jo W. Tate of Bedford were pleasant callers on your correspondent on Sunday evening. Mr. Allen was taking a view of his old home and his old tramping ground of thirty years ago.

Irvin Earnest has hands at work commencing the building of a new barn on his lot in Point on Monday morning.

H. S. McCreary and family and Blain Coplin's family were Johnstown visitors on Sunday.

C. W. Blackburn and wife were guests of Ealy Custer's on Sunday. Mrs. Custer is seriously ill.

RYAN

Hello here we are again.
Quite a number of our people attended the Ringling Bros circus at Johnstown last week.
John McKinney who was hit by an automobile on the Lincoln highway a few days ago is slowly improving.
Charles Van Ormer and Hunt Wheelstone of Schellsburg is now busily engaged repairing George Weyant's barn.
Elmer McKinney after spending the past six years in the west returned home on Saturday looking fine for a week or 10 days stay. Ellick you are always welcome here in the Keystone State.
Frank Snively of Schellsburg is now painting W. H. Deane's house.
Miss Nelle Bence is spending this week at the George Weyant home.
W. C. Keyser recently received a fine carload of cattle from the west

and has put them to pasture on his farm here.

Ross Hillegass and wife and Henry Ellenberger Sundayed at the G. H. Deane's home.

G. H. Deane and wife and Somivel Sarver motored to Myersdale on Monday to attend the funeral of M. Sonivel Brant of that place.

Mr. Jas Kelly and family called at the home of Russel Mowery's Fri. evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kelly and son Robert, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kelly, Harry Kuhn of Madley and Mrs. H. F. Temke of Hyndman motored to Deal to visit Mr. C. B. Kelly.


A number of young people gathered at the home of James Kelly Saturday. Many games were played Ice Cream and Cake were served at a late hour. All returned home reporting a fine time.

Misses Ida Madden and Mary Lee of near Ellerslie Md. were guests at Jas. Kelly's Sunday.

Dewey Mull and Blair Shroyer called at the home of Jas. Kelly's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mowry were business callers at Cumb. Monday.

Mrs. Wm Mickey Sr., Verna McFarland, Maggie Byer and Willie Jr. of Ridgely, W. Va. are visiting at the home of Jas. Kelly's



The nerves of the body are not unlike the telegraph system at the Front. The millions of nerve filaments are like a network of wires that keep all the trenches in close sympathy and communion. Food supplies and reinforcements are dispatched here and there and so the nerves send increased blood and nourishment where it is most required. The nerve cells guide the heart and stomach. By this means the stream of blood laden with nourishment is sent to every part of the body.

So it is that the blood feeds the nerves. If blood is impoverished, we feel nervous—sleepless—"fidgety." The blood needs to be built up. If we lack iron in our blood, we are pale, anemic, with no vim. We are nervous or tired. The thing to do is to obtain from your druggist the new iron tonic, called "Ironitic." This is the discovery of Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. Try it now! Don't wait! Today is the day to begin. Put yourself in normal physical condition.

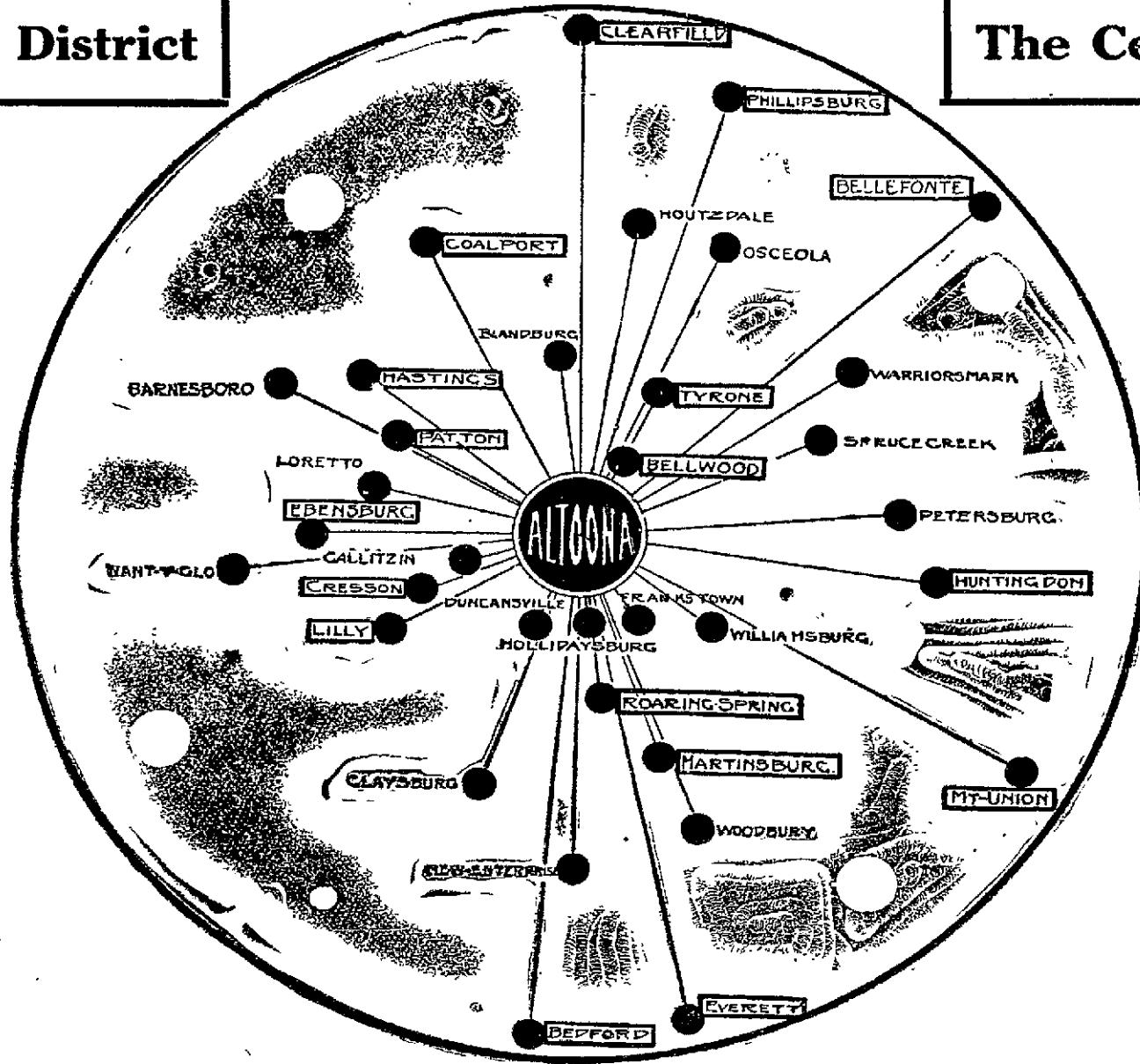
If you like you can send 10c. to Dr. Pierce and get a trial package. This "Ironitic" is a soluble form of iron combined with valuable herbal extracts rolled into a tablet that will give you "pep."

"ALTOONA"

The Center of Your District

"ALTOONA"

The Center of Your District



**The Closer Home You Keep Your Dollars,
The Quicker It Will Get Back to You.
Save Money by Buying in Your District**



The season of heavy buying is at hand. The head of the household is ready for his summer outfitting. Every member of the family requires something new. Mother or daughter needs new gowns, new wraps, new footwear and other necessities. The home itself, has many needs disclosed by the spring cleaning. Floor coverings are found to be worn and shabby, furniture needs replacing, the entire house and household needs a general toning up.

Perhaps you have been lured by exaggerated advertising into thinking you can make a considerable savings by spending your money out of your district.

Your Needs Are Studied

The merchants of your district have made a study of your needs in the various lines and consequently are in a better position to supply your requirements intelligently and economically than a merchant outside your district could possibly be.

"Know Your District Stores"

If you are not in the visiting and patronizing home stores you will no doubt be pleased with the range for choice offered, you will realize that, in all lines, only the greater of the large city stocks surpass your district stores in quantity only, and that they are offering you the same variety from which to select.

Give your home merchant the first chance. If he can not supply your needs come to ALTOONA, where you can buy everything that you can buy elsewhere, and in most cases at a considerable saving in price.

Department Stores

Bon Ton, 1315-17 Eleventh Ave.
Gable, Wm. F., & Co., 1318 11th Ave.
Kline Bros., 1305 Eleventh Ave.

Ladies' Ready To Wear Stores

Brett's, 1309 Eleventh Ave.
Meyer Jonasson, 1226 Eleventh Ave.
Goldstein, S. L., 1313 Eleventh Ave.
Schwartz Bros., 1301 Eleventh Ave.
Whitman's, 1124 Eleventh Ave.

Music Stores

Harter, A. J. 11th Ave. & 15th St.

Restaurants

Beam's, 1117 Eleventh Ave.

Men's Ready To Wear Stores

Goldschmid Bros.,
11th Ave. & 12th St.
Leopold & Bigley, 1123 Eleventh Ave.
March & Sons, 1226 Eleventh Ave.
Stiffler, L. E., 1110 Eleventh Ave.
Westfall Co., 1304 Eleventh Ave.

Shoe Stores

Bendheim, S., 1302 Eleventh Ave.
Lester Shoe Co., 1409 Eleventh Ave.
Royal Boot Co., 1409 Eleventh Ave.
Simon, A., & Co., 1402 11th Ave.
Soyster Shoe Co., 1126 Eleventh Ave.
The Shoe Market, Eleventh Ave. & 16th St.

Furniture Stores

Aaron, W. S., 1426-28 Eleventh Ave.
City Furniture Co., 1501-03 Eleventh Ave.
Rothert Co., 12th Ave. & 12th St.
Standard Furniture Co., 1405 Eleventh Ave.
Standard Furniture Co., 1405-07 Eleventh Ave.

Millinery

Neal Millinery Co., 1411-13 Eleventh Ave.

Men's Hat Shops

Canty-Fit-U, 1300 Eleventh Ave.
Pheasants Hat Shop, 1105 11th Ave.

Theatres

The Strand, 1512 Eleventh Ave.

Public Service

Altoona & Logan Valley Electric Ry. Co., 1200 Eleventh St.
Penn Central Light & Power Co., 1809 Union Ave.

ALTOONA BOOSTER ASSOCIATION

Bedford Gazette

VICTOR E. P. BARKMAN
Editor and Publisher
D. W. SNYDER,
Associate Editor
and
Circulation Manager

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$1.50, payable in advance.

Card of Thanks, 50c; Resolutions, \$1.00.

All communications should be addressed to

Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1918

Entered at the Post Office at Bedford, Pa., as second class matter.

Promises may get friends, but it is performance that must nurse and keep them.—Felltham.

The husband of Scranton who sold his wife, two children and household furniture for \$200 surely didn't know the value of these commodities. Taking President Lincoln's estimate of the value of a wife and children he was giving thousands of dollars of valuable property away for a mere pittance and letting his furniture go with it. He was hauled into Court for it and taught the true value in a good fine and a fine lecture.

No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency.—George Washington.

Military Precision.—A negro drill sergeant was addressing a squad of colored "rookies" under him. He said: "I wants you niggers to understand dat you is to carry out all orders giben on de risin' reflection ob de final word ob comman'. Now when we's passin' dat reviewin' stand', at de comman' 'Eyes Right!' I wants to hear ever' nigger's eyeballs click."—Selected.

The Republican City Committee of Philadelphia was organized Wednesday and is under complete control of the Vares, Senators Sproul and Beideman were in on the ground floor and Penrose was on the outside. The chances are that the Vares are going to have a greater persuasive power with Sproul than Penrose is.

WAR IN FRANCE STILL RAGING
The war in France is still dealing its heavy blows from the German side but the Allies have withstood these attacks of tremendous masses of men with great ability and with tremendous slaughter for the Germans, and in comparison, with very slight casualties on the side of the Allies. One report had it that 30,000 Germans were killed in one day and the latest reports state that the Germans are being marched up to our lines in great masses and are slaughtered frightfully before our guns. It looks as though the Germans are defeated in their second great drive and possibly in their last one. We hope so at least. Their submarine warfare off the Atlantic coast has not hindered us much and none of our troop vessels have met with any obstacle when passing so their submarine warfare is practically of no avail. We make more tonnage than they can sink.

BUFFALO MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Comp of Cumberland visited Thursday at the Walter Elder home.

Among those who attended Pomona Grange in Bedford Thursday were Mr. and Mrs. George Zembower, Mrs. Will Zembower, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Long and daughter, Blanche, Mrs. W. J. Hill, Mrs. S. B. Brown, Mrs. M. D. Meyers and Mrs. Geo. Horne.

Miss Grace Stouffer visited friends in Bedford Saturday.

Miss Laura Shoemaker and Miss Alta Diehl spent the week end with their friend, Miss Mae Shumaker, Rainsburg.

Master Paul England is spending the week at the home of his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hillegass.

Visitors at the John Horne home are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Suter of Berlin, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Horne and son of Uniontown.

Mrs. J. P. Shoemaker was a Bedford shopper Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shaffer and two children of Hyndman came to Buffalo Mills Saturday to visit for a few days at the Huffman home.

Mrs. N. Goodwin and daughter, Dorothy spent Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Goodwin's brother A. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Van Horn of Everett Sundayed at the G. A. Hillegass home.

Grandfather Benna is very ill at this writing.

Dr's Guy and Charles Shoemaker of Cumberland spent Sunday at the home of their father, J. P. Shoemaker.

Prof. Samuel Koontz and wife, Miss Pearl Shoemaker, Mr. Edward Pate of Bedford and Miss Marie May of Mann's Choice assisted the choir with their music for Children's Service Sunday evening and after Service were pleasantly entertained at the George Zembower home where dainty refreshments were served.

The Stunt-Giver
"Did your wife scold when you came so late last night?"
"You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school-teacher. She scolded me made me write a hundred times on the slate. I must be at home by 10 o'clock."—New York Globe.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

PLEASANTVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Miller of Pitsaun visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Miller over Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Hetrick visited at the home of Mrs. Faustina Hoover at New Paris on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Yarnal and family visited the home of Mr. Jordan Blackburn at Ryot on Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Feather and son spent the past week in Somerset County.

Quite a number of relatives from nearby towns visited at the home of Mr. A. W. Ferguson on Sunday, Mrs. Ferguson has been very poorly for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Claar of Dunkard Hollow visited the latter's aunt, Mrs. Adam Yarnal on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Blain Harbaugh and family of New Paris spent Sunday at Mrs. Lottie Harbaugh.

Mrs. Sewell McGregor of Pitsaun, is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Clark and family visited relatives in Johnstown on Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Bowser and Mrs. Gabriel Allison were taken to the Windber Hospital on Saturday were they both underwent operations.

The report is they are getting along nicely.

Mrs. Harry Sellers and son, Clay, of Johnstown, visited at the home of Mr. Adam Yarnal on Thursday.

Children's Day Service will be celebrated in the M. E. Church on Sunday evening, June 16th.

HELIXVILLE

Mrs. Amanda Knizey had a paralytic stroke about a week ago and is unable to walk.

Miss Verda Findley who underwent an operation in the Windber Hospital a few days ago, for adenoids and enlarged tonsils, is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Wm. Moore is not good at this writing.

Many children in our vicinity are victims of whooping cough.

Christopher Kinzey who is employed at Central City, spent Saturday night and Sunday with home folks.

Quite a few of our young folks attended the Ringling Bros.' Show in Johnstown last week.

Mrs. Frank Egolf, son Chester and daughter, Ada, all of Glen Savage, Somerset Co., spent a couple days recently with friends here.

There was a "Mife Social" for the benefit of the Red Cross held last Friday evening at the home of John Millers. There were about two-hundred present and secured forty-six dollars.

Vegetation seems to be suffering slightly on account of a lack of rain.

E. R. Hinson and family of Johnstown, made a flying trip through our town on Sunday afternoon.

A. E. Hinson, H. C. Mickel, wife and daughter, Dora spent Sunday afternoon with Irvin Crawford's in Berhel Hollow. Mr. Crawford is in a critical condition, suffering an attack of "Anaemia."

Mr. Abram B. Miller, while plowing corn today met with a serious accident. The clips on the single-tree having come off, frightened the horse. The horse started to run, jerking Mr. Miller out over the cultivator and dislocated his shoulder, fractured a couple ribs and lacerated his body considerably.

Howard McCreary, who has been spending some time with relatives and friends in our vicinity, today returned to his home in the Flood City.

Our people last Sunday P. M. had the pleasure of listening to "Evangelist Taylor" at this place. Rev. Taylor is conducting a protracted meeting at New Paris.

Van Amberg Miller of Johnstown, made a brief call today at the home of his father, B. O. Miller.

Mrs. Rufus Miller is ill at this writing.

The "Helixville Giants" have partially organized a ball-team and you might see 'em along most any minute.

A few days ago while Ross Miller was mowing with a scythe, Daisie his little girl, came running to show him where a chicken's nest was, and she got too close. The edge of the scythe made some very ugly gashes about her foot. She was hastened to Schellsburg, where a physicians help was secured. Little Daisie is improving slowly.

Last Saturday Geo. and John Basore made a trip to Somerset County.

During Saturday night the horse belonging to George Basore became entangled in the tie-rope and the horse struggling to get up, bruised itself very badly.

To build yourself up when you feel run down—to bring back health, appetite and strength—take

Beecham's Piles

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In Boxes, 10c., 25c.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Etc.,

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

FOR SALE—Late cabbage plants 35c per 100. Call or address. J. B. May, Bedford, Pa. June 7, 21*

WANTED—Large, Clean Cotton Rags. Rags in strips won't do. 4c per pound. Bring them to the GAZETTE OFFICE, Bedford, Pa.

PLANTS FOR SALE—for the best celery plants yet the golden Self Bleaching celery 30c a hundred. Also cabbage, 4 dozen for 25c. Ross A. Sprigg, the plant man, 323 East John St., Bedford, Pa. Order today. June 7, 21*

SALESMEN—You can make from \$75 to \$100 per week with our line of paints, greases and specialties. Write at once for proposition. Warren Refining & Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Men Wanted—Laborers, Carpenter Helpers, Mechanic Helpers, Firemen, Trackmen, Stock Unloaders, Coke Oven Men and other help. Good wages at steady employment. Apply to Colonial Iron Co., Riddlesburg, Pa April 28, 11.

WANTED—Teachers for Colerain township Schools, salary \$50 and \$60 per month. Only those with a certificate numbering 17 or better need apply. J. C. Shoemaker, Sec., Bedford, Pa., Rt. 4.

FOR SALE—S. C. Black Minorcas. Four hens one male, all fine birds, one year old. Guaranteed to please \$12.00. R. B. Young, 227 Bedford St., Cumberland, Md.

For Sale or Rent—The Jacob Snooks property in Bedford Borough. Apply to S. H. Sell, Attorney, Bedford, Pa. May 10, 11.

WANTED—An experienced teacher—gentleman or lady, consolidated school. Good wages for capable person. Must be a good disciplinarian. Apply to W. L. May, Secy. Bd., Rainsburg, Pa. May 31, 51

STRAY MULE
I have in my possession at present "ONE STRAY BAY YOUNG MULE." Owner prove property and pay all charges, will release same.
J. R. MOWRY,
Buffalo Mills, Pa., Rt. 1

NOTICE TO PUBLIC
I wish to notify the public that my wife, Mary Ellen Morse, has seen fit to leave my bed and board and that hereafter I will not be responsible for any bills or debts contracted by her in any way.
James Morse,
Piney Creek, Pa.
June 7, 31.

Buy your golden self-bleaching celery plants from

ROSSA SPRIGG

at 30c per 100. 7c for postage.
June 14, 41*

PUBLIC SALE
Saturday, June 15, 1918 at 1 p. m. Mrs. Laura Kaudman, of St. Clairsville will offer for public sale, team of good gray horses, gentle, strong and work any place, Milburn wagon, good buggy, buck board and buggy pole, bud sleds, sleigh, 2 sets of work harness, buggy harness, plows, cultivator, stone bed and other articles. H. E. Mason, Auctioneer.

A few months in our school will pay you dividends for a whole lifetime. Positions for the past week offered the following monthly salaries: \$100, \$40, \$75, \$60, \$85, \$80, \$100, \$90, \$75.

Some of these positions offered attractive opportunities for advancement. Let us send you particulars.

CATHERMAN'S BUSINESS SCHOOL
22 S. Centre St., Cumberland.
Day and night school open all year.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF REAL ESTATE.
Estate of Martin Brennen, late of Broad Top Township, deceased.
The undersigned administrator of Martin Brennen, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises in the village of Defiance, Broad Top Township, Bedford County, Pa., on Tuesday, July 9th, 1918, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

An undivided one-fourth interest in a lot, adjoining lands of Edward Brennen, an alley and the public road, having thereon erected a frame two-story dwelling house and out-buildings.

TERMS CASH.

Edward Brennen,
Defiance, Pa.,
Administrator.
D. C. Reiley, Attorney
June 14, 31.
Defiance, Pa.,

WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO STOP SUCH THINGS?
President Wilson, while reviewing the Red Cross parade in New York, was greeted by a Canadian soldier, invalided home from the front, who had been taken into the Canadian Army despite the fact that he was 54 years old when the authorities asked to see him. The soldier said that German soldiers crucified on a barn door. What would you do to stop such fiendish things? Do you think it much of a sacrifice to pledge yourself to save and to buy War Savings Stamps?

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Mike Couch, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

JAMES L. TENLEY,
Defiance,
Administrator.
D. C. REILEY, Attorney.
May 10, 6 wk.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE
Estate of Lettie B. Bortz, late of Cumberland Valley Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted the undersigned executor named in the last will and testament of Lettie B. Bortz, late of Cumberland Valley township, Bedford County Pa., deceased, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby notified to present the same without delay for payment, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment of the same.

WILLIAM G. BORTZ,
Cumberland Valley, Pa.
Executor.
D. C. REILEY, Attorney.
May 10, 6 wk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Martin Brennen, late of Broad Top Township, Bedford Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

EDWARD BRENNEN,
Defiance,
Administrator.
D. C. REILEY, Attorney.
May 10, 6 wk.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE
Estate of John Calvin Imler, late of township of South Woodbury, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

IVA IMLER,
Administratrix,
Rt. 1, New Enterprise, Pa.
E. M. Pennell, Attorney.
May 31, 6w.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
ESTATE OF HENRY MILLER LATE OF NAPIER TOWNSHIP, DECEASED.

The undersigned administratrix of Henry Miller late of Napier township Bedford County Penna. deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises in Napier township Bedford County Pa. at Black Hollow on Saturday June 22, 1918 at two o'clock p. m. of said day.

A valuable tract of land adjoining lands of David Kooster, William Shaffer and Wm J. Shoenthal containing eighteen acres and sixty perches all cleared and fenced and having thereon a new frame barn, large dwelling and 1ut buildings. Immediate possession will be given. Terms 20 per cent cost on day of sale and the balance cost on confirmation of sale at September court.

Carrie Miller
Administratrix
E. M. Pennell
Atty
June 7. 31

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Jennie B. Cartwright, late of Bedford Borough Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

George Points
Administrator
June 7 6c

When the Dollar Fights


Every dollar that is saved unless wisely and economically expended is a fighting dollar.

It helps to win the war and it will help to win your own financial independence.

Not what you EARN
But what you SAVE

Hartley Banking Co.
BEDFORD, PA.
Individual Liability

Strengthen America



Shall We Compensate the Liquor Dealers?

Now that the liquor business is on the run and even the liquor men themselves see their finish, they are beginning to talk about compensation—they want the State to pay them for the loss of their business.

Before we begin to pay over any money to the liquor men, let's look at a few perfectly plain facts.

First:—No liquor license is issued for more than one year at a time and no saloonkeeper has a right to expect that he shall be permitted to remain in business for a longer period. If he desires to make improvements in his enterprise, he does so at his own risk; he cannot expect the rest of us to pay for his losses in this respect.

Second:—No man has any right to hold or use property of any kind for any injurious purpose in any community. The courts have repeatedly said that the saloon is a distinct detriment to every community.

Third:—It is not true that property upon which liquor has been made or sold is confiscated through prohibition. The land values remain the same; the buildings and much of the machinery may be used for other purposes, as is being demonstrated in every part of the United States where the liquor business has been destroyed. The property is never taken from the owner—although it should be remembered that the use of property by liquor dealers usually reduces the values of nearby property.

Fourth:—Saloon fighters are willing to grant compensation to liquor men provided it is done in a legal manner. Waiving all technical terms, such matters are usually decided by taking into account the losses sustained by both parties in question.

Let the saloon men make a statement as to the amount of money which they have actually lost through the abolition of their business and then let the City and the County and the State bring in their bills against the saloons for the extra expense to which they have been put in taking care of the wreckage of the liquor business in public institutions.

And then, if it is at all possible, let us express in the terms of cold cash the hot anguish of men, women and children who have suffered because of the existence of the liquor business.

The chances are when the books are balanced, that the liquor man will be paying money into the Treasury of the State, instead of the State paying money to the liquor men.

If you believe that the traffic of Alcohol does more harm than good—Help Stop It!

Strengthen America Campaign

CUMBERLAND MILLINERY

An Exceptionally Large Showing Of

COTTON WASH SKIRTS

\$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00

And we consider each an annual value ---not a skirt in the lot can be duplicated on the market to sell at these prices.

There are many styles to select from--tailored or plain and mercerized gabardine, cotton, pique and linene. All with 2-inch hem, deep girdle belts, and trimmed with large or small pearl buttons. Pockets of every description--patch, flap or insert. Regular and extra sizes included in the assortment.

The BON TON
52-54 BALTIMORE STREET
Next to New Hotel
CUMBERLAND, Md.

THE CALL TO ACTION

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

LIQUIDS AND PASTES. FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES. PRESERVE THE LEATHER.

THE F. F. DALLEY CORPORATION, LIMITED, BUFFALO, N. Y.

List of Registrars

(Continued from First Page)

Henry Martin, Alum Bank
Roy Rouzer, Alum Bank, Rt. 1
Harry William Edmonson, Hopewell
Martin McDannell, Alum Bank
Harry Stuft, Alum Bank
Charles Berkey, Alum Bank, Rt. 1
Lester Miller, Fishertown
Stewart Enfield Eicholtz, Bedford
Joseph Blackburn, Fishertown
Edgar James Mort, Six Mile Run
George H. Gibboney, Jr., Everett
Elvin Paul Dilling, Saxton
Robert James Fletcher, Everett
Ernest M. Loucks, Saxton
Quay Scott, Everett, Rt. 4
Peter Flanigan, Wood, Pa.
Fred L. Hershberger, Everett
Clarence McDonald, Weyant
Urban J. Imgrund, Schellsburg, Rt. 1
Walter W. M. Miller, Wolfsburg, Rt. 1
McKinley P. Woy, Everett, Rt. 5
Fred Metzger Smith, Bedford, Rt. 2
Emanuel T. C. Snyder, Everett, 1
Virgil Daniel Mock, Bedford
Irvin O'Brien, New Baltimore
Lavanus Clyde Naugle, Wolfsburg, 1
Franklin Browning, Baker's Summit
John F. Davis, Chapman's Run
John A. Hurley, Mann's Choice, Rt. 1
Wm. Irvin Dietz, Jr., Mann's Choice
Earl Roy Foor, Everett, Rt. 5
Wm. M. Gearinger, Six Mile Run
John Mickie Oldham, Alum Bank
Joseph Earl Riley, Everett
J. Chester Foor, Six Mile Run
John Skipper, Jr., Six Mile Run
Royal H. Manspecker, Hopewell, 1
James W. Robinson, Everett
John Chester Williams, Defiance
Coy Jay, Piney Creek
Grafton T. Imes, Flintstone, Md., 1
Irvin Stickler, New Buena Vista
Clyde H. Thomas, Schellsburg, Rt. 1
Caulder E. Dickinson, Saxton
Shannon R. Kauffman, Osterburg
Oran Ellis Turner, Defiance
Albert Alfred Holler, Madley
Emmons Simon, Hopewell
Vernon James Weaverling, Saxton
Spencer R. McCalan, Saxton
John Albert Chaney, Kearney
Howard M. Lane, Baker's Summit
Mark Hanna Bulger, Woodbury
Melvin Guy Hartman, Everett
Isaiah Davis Steele, Everett
Clarence Milton Hoenstine, Queen
Joseph C. Madden, Elferslie, Md.
David Parson Otto, Osterburg
Neilson Walker Pepple, Bedford
Floyd Raymond Perrin, Chaneyville
Roy James, Flintstone, Md., Rt. 1
Marshall Hayne Barkman, Clearville
James Harold Corbett, Six Mile Run
Howard M. Miller, Cumb. Valley
Vernon C. Ensley, Six Mile Run
Carl Wm. Hess, Six Mile Run
Thomas Mason McCabe, Lutzville, 1
Andrew C. Stiffler, Lutzville, Rt. 1
George Ira Wright, Cessna, Rt. 1
Charles Owen Foster, Kearney
William Nathan Cordell, Everett
Raymond E. Crissman, Bedford, Rt. 5
Talbert Leasure, Artemas
George Elton Cornell, Everett
William Ira Schaeffer, Rainsburg
Herbert Lawrence Gochnour, Imler
Archibald Feather, Queen
Simon Raymond Coplin, New Paris
Clarence Walter Hinsh, Everett
William W. Clark, Everett
Emory Grayson Northcraft, Artemas
John Robert Imler, Woodbury
Stephen John Gaster, Hyndman
Martin Hale Baird, Long Branch, N.J.
Charles Manges, Waterside
Frank L. Thompson, Six Mile Run
Frank Dodson, Bedford
Simon R. Replogle, Woodbury
George McMillin, Jr., Defiance
Jacob Clyde Sell, Woodbury
Leson Ray Callihan, Alum Bank
Joseph William Smith, Hopewell
Simon Robert Berkey, Osterburg, 1
Jacob Samuel Donivan, Cessna, Rt. 1
Clyde Henry Shaffer, Hyndman
Percy Sylvester Akers, Clearville, 2
Marshall Arthur Bollman, Kearney
Marshall Wm. Foor, Everett, Rt. 5
Almer Merl Rath, Saxton
Oliver Perry Ross, Saxton
Gusta Hobert Gordon, Purcell
Charles H. Morgart, Everett, Rt. 6
Wallace Clyde Shaefer, Imler
Harry Samuel Snyder, Loysburg
Clarence Kennard Stanley, Everett
Norman Pickles Bittinger, Imler
Harry Alton Beam, St. Clearsville
Roy Edward Logue, Hyndman
Received June 7, 1918.
Daniel C. Hoover, New Enterprise
Homer Dively, Bedford
William J. Alexander, Everett

CLEARVILLE ROUTE ONE

The farmers are busy plowing corn.
Miss Emma Morse spent the past week with her brother Mr. Jonas Morse and family.
The funeral of Miss Martha Clingerman was largely attended at Fairview Sunday.
Miss Lydia Dickens who has been employed at the home of J. N. Robinson returned to her home last week.
Rev. A. R. Garland spent Sunday at the home of Hiram Jay.
Mr. Irvin, Twell and family visited -ung Alway pure stony possum W day.

The Children Service that was held at Shriever's Chapel Sunday was largely attended.



They're not infrequent—see us Now about the additional insurance you need. Strong companies.

J. ROY CESSNA

Takes Pictures at Right Angles.
Of English invention is a camera that looks like a short telescope and takes photographs at right angles to its user's line of vision without the subject's knowledge.

Save Coal

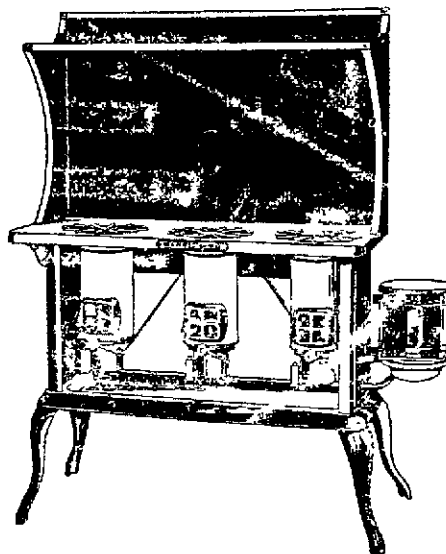


Uncle Sam needs it for war purposes. Every ton you save this summer can be used to heat your home next winter. Save it.

One way is to use an oil cook stove instead of the coal range. That won't be a hardship, but a big advantage. That is if you buy the right oil cook stove.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVES

are now giving satisfactory service in millions of American homes. A New Perfection will give you this same satisfactory service—a really better service (especially in hot weather) than your coal range ever has or ever will. You don't have coal or wood to carry—no dusty ashes to fly all over. And a New Perfection does not make the kitchen almost unbearably hot like a range does. But it will boil and fry and bake things just as you like them. It's always ready at the scratch of a match. You'll be delighted with the splendid results.



Besides, it burns a most economical fuel—kerosene. But the kind of kerosene you use makes a big difference. All kerosenes are not alike in quality. To be sure of always getting best results use Atlantic Rayolight Oil. Buy it at the store that displays this sign "Atlantic Rayolight Oil For Sale Here." It costs no more than ordinary kinds but it's worth more. Go to your nearest dealer now and select your New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.



ATLANTIC
Rayolight
OIL



SPRING HOPE

The River Brethren Love Feast will be held at this place on Sat. evening June 15th.

Henry Shaffer and wife, Forest Deaner and Mrs. Harry Hoover attended the funeral of Mrs. Dewey Bisset at Schellsburg on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mollie Miller visited Wm. Zeiglers at Claysburg on Sunday.

John Zeigler of Windber and Warren Zeigler of Claysburg are spending a few days visiting friends here.

Miss Carrie Smith went to the Cumberland Hospital on Monday evening where she was operated on Tuesday noon for chronic appendicitis. Her father and mother accompanied her to Cumberland.

Harry W. Adams of Brooklyn, N. Y. is visiting his uncle N. H. Rising and family at Point, and his cousin Mrs. E. P. Hershberger at this place. Mr. Adams although a young man has some wonderful experiences he joined the Navy at 15 years was in for 7 years, made several trips over the war zone traveled over a million miles on water was only twenty miles behind the Lucitania when it went to the bottom. He is now in Uncle Sams service as assistant chief clerk of the Post Office of New York (Congratulations, Ed.)

How time changes customs. A few years ago it would have been a sign of disrespect for a young man to keep company with a lady later than two or three o'clock; but since the clocks have been moved on time goes faster and the boys go home by daylight. But then these are war times.

THOMAS W. CLEAVER
An aged and respected citizen of East St. Clair Twp. died at his home near Spring Hope on Tuesday morning, June 11th, aged 83 years, 7 months, and 31 days. He had been in feeble health for several years. Mr. Cleaver was thrice married. He is survived by his last wife, and two children of his first marriage, Mrs. George Zeigler of East Freedom and Mrs. Jennie Hoops of Bedford. Funeral services were held at the home on Thursday morning. Conducted by Rev. Dorman of Cessna. Interment in the Union cemetery near Fishertown.

CHALYBEATE

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Diehl and daughters Misses Hattie and Mabel Diehl, spent last Wednesday in Clearville.

Mrs. Ira Kring and children of Johnstown are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arnold.

Misses Ruth Manock and Dorothy Arnold spent a few days in Altoona last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Beegle and little daughter of Pittsburgh, were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Devore.

A F. Diehl's children and grandchildren gathered at his home on Monday evening, to remind him it was his birthday. It was a surprise to Mr. Diehl when the folks came with well filled baskets. After each and all did ample justice to the eats they departed wishing him many more happy birthdays.

COMBINE PATRIOTISM WITH PLEASURE BY PRESERVING

Making Jam Helps Uncle Sam

Now that preserving fruits and berries is entirely safe from the danger of waste in spoilage, it is the pleasant but no less patriotic duty of every housewife to put up all the jams, jellies and preserves she possibly can. This releases tons of valuable foodstuffs for our allies.

Why "safe," you ask? Because today the value of sterilization and Parowaxing is understood. Formerly housewives hesitated about preserving too much, particularly if the "cold pack" method was used, for fear some of the good things would spoil in time. But today, with spick and span glasses and jars, sealed air-tight with clean, pure Parowax, that danger is removed. Even "cold pack" preserves are completely protected against deterioration when the jar-tops are dipped in Parowax.

Parowax keeps out all deteriorating influences—air, dust, germs, everything. It keeps in all the goodness, flavor, freshness. Your grocer sells and recommends Parowax.

INGLESMTIH

The death Angel visited our community Fri. June 7 and called home Miss Martha Clingerman daughter of the late Harrison and Anna Clingerman her age was 39 years 10 months and 20 days she was blind since early childhood. She joined the Christian Church when quite young and lived a consistent Christian life ever since. She will be greatly missed in her

home and community. She survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Tena Poole, Mrs. Catherine Poole, Mrs. Emma Conrad, Mrs. Savannah McDonald and Mrs. Amanda Potts. Messrs Jacob and Thomas Clingerman, Sr.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. R. Logue with interment in Fairview Cemetery.

Robert Allen little son of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Clingerman was born June 23rd 1917 died June 9th 1918 aged 11 months and 15 days. It is survived by its father and mother and little brother Glen.

Funeral services were held at Fairview church Monday morning at 10 o'clock by Rev. John Bennett. We extend our heart felt sympathy to the bereaved parents in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Elizabeth Martin an aged lady of this place is very ill.

There will be Children's Service at Fairview June 23rd 2 P. M.

Mr. George Clingerman accompanied by Misses Effie Clingerman and Grace Elbin spent Saturday evening and Sunday in Everett with friends.

Mrs. Asa Miller of Robinsonville visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Barnes Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Eva and Ada True and Retha Bennett visited Mr. John Shipway Sunday.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD IN 1918

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The value and need of a newspaper in the household was never greater than at the present time. We have been forced to enter the great world war, and a large army of ours is already in France. You will want to have all the news from our troops on European battlefields and 1918 promises to be the most momentous year in the history of our universe.

No other newspaper at so small a price will furnish such prompt and accurate news of these world-shaking events. It is not necessary to say more.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1 per year, and this pays for 150 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the BEDFORD GAZETTE together for one year for \$2.20. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.

The First War-Time Duty

of every loyal citizen is to firmly back up the Government and all its institutions.

The Federal Reserve Banking System is a Government Institution established for the protection of the banking public and the development of the country's resources.

This Institution is a Member Bank.

Our Depositors not only enjoy the benefits of the system but at the same time add to its efficiency.

We cordially invite consultation.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Bedford, Pa.

Why Swift & Company Has Grown

The fact that a business organization has grown steadily for forty years proves that it has kept continually meeting a vital business demand.

It must have kept "fit" or it could not have stood the strain of ever-shifting conditions.

Swift & Company has been trained in the school of experience.

Every day of its forty years of service has solved some new problem of value to its customers.

Every year has proved its ability to learn by experience, and to use this knowledge for the benefit of those with whom it deals.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

There are no better Cold Tablets
THAN OUR OWN

They Cure

Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents

Ed. D. Heckerman

The Druggist

Bedford, Pa.

Dr. A. C. WOLF,

BEDFORD, PA.

Diseases of the

EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT

My Glasses are guaranteed for 4 years from \$3 to \$7, and guaranteed for a life time from \$8 to \$15. Any time it is necessary I will examine the eyes and change the lenses, free of charge.

FALL & WINTER GARMENTS

Cleaned or Dyed and Refinished

By our methods have a wholesome newness, and lend a satisfaction in renewed service that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Footer's methods are always safest and best.

We have special facilities for cleaning or dyeing FURS of all kinds.

FOOTER'S DYE WORKS

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

The Piez-U Shop,

POWELL & BAIN, Agents.

Dr. F. P. STEHLEY and SON

Leading Dentists in Cumberland

LOCATED

at No. 100 Baltimore Street over

McCrary's 10-Cent Store

P. O. Box 367

Cumberland, Md.

BISHOP MOTORCYCLE GARAGE

Centre & Market Streets. Near Catholic Church
Cumberland, Maryland

Overhauling and Repairing
INDIAN AND HENDERSON MOTORCYCLES
AND CYGNET REAR CARS

Finest Equipped Shop in Western Maryland
Full Line of Supplies and Accessories
When in Trouble Call 39-W

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SCHILLSBURG, PENNA.

The small bank with the big backing

3% Compound Interest paid **3%**
on time deposits

You can open a Savings or Checking account with us
with \$1.00.

Your Patronage is Invited.

Large enough to serve you

Strong enough to protect you

**Sapolio doing its work. Scouring
for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.**



Join Now!

**APPLY AT ANY
POST OFFICE**

for

SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM



Men
who wear
this
emblem
are
U.S.
MARINES

CESSNA

Mrs. Mary McCallion was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor E. P. Barkman of Bedford a few days the last week.

Bruce Walter a student of a Theological Seminary in Kentucky is spending his summer vacation with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Job Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hinton accompanied by Carl Hinton and Miss Ruth Smith, motored to Pittsburgh on Friday. They returned on Monday.

Mrs. Margaret Anderson is visiting her sons in Johnstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Naugle and son Ellsworth of Butler, Pa., and Mrs.

Anna Mary Miller of Pittsburgh are visiting among relatives of this place.

Mrs. Kremer Hersberger and daughter of Altoona are visiting with Mrs. Hersberger's parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm Hersberger.

Roy Jakes of Johnstown spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Jakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo Hiner of Altoona spent Sunday with the former's sister Mrs. Wilson Hissong.

Robt McCreary who had his limb broken on Mar 10th has been a victim of pneumonia the last week, but is improving at this writing.

The Community Chorus held their entertainment at Imier on Sat. eve. A sum of \$50 was realized.

SNYDER'S TRAVELETTE

(continued from last week)

I continued up the way from Buffalo Mills toward West End. I didn't learn what this place was the west end of. It don't seem to be the west end of anything. There is no end there. I had gotten a goodly number of subscribers till I reached this place and my prospects seemed to end there. I went down to Harmon's Bottom section and fished a whole day and caught nothing. While passing Ed Robb's place I saw two hearty looking girls making a sweet pea rack. They showed great skill in using the ax. Sometimes they missed the stick but sometimes they hit it the next time. Well I bobbed around till I came across H. J. Hillegass at Kegg. I used my persuasive powers on him to the limit but he wouldn't come across but he will yet. I had some little difficulty to get to inspect food around Kegg till I reached Joseph H. Corleys where I found a hearty welcome and a good dinner. He is 81 years young and Mrs. is younger yet. I drove into the famous town of New Beuna Vista but didn't stay long. I saw three men on the way. Two were Gazette subscribers already and the other was not. I asked them who was chief of police in Beuna and they said Joe Zeigler. I called on him and he had an old pal who seemed to want to follow me, but I refused to let him. Later on Joe began to quiz me so I left the burg. I had a little bottle of "cough drops" and I wanted that myself. I also called to see Squire Markle but he was out in the cornfield helping to win the war. I had a little chat with his wife and daughter but he don't need to kick about that for I'll go back some time. Am not going to tell all about Beuna Vista till next time. I asked one of the Mowrys to tell me of some Democrats who were not taking the Gazette. They were so few that I thought I might better put in my time elsewhere. I wanted to see Mrs. Whisker but learned that she was pretty as before she worked for a big prize for another paper and had repented in sackcloth so I forgive all her past errors and hope she will not again fall in with the wrong paper. Leaving this section I got upon Dry Ridge stopping at Emanuel Turners for dinner. How Mrs. Turner knew I was coming I couldn't figure out but she had a peach pot pie ready.

Before I had stopped at the home of Harry Hillegass who lives with his wife who lives with her father, Cornelius Diehl who was 75 in April and can work yet better than when a boy. He can't hear very well except when called to eat. Mrs. Hillegass can't walk very well except when a good looking man comes about then she can skip along fast as I can some day when my legomobile is out of whack. Her crutches never ache at all, however: there is some consolation in that. Harry Fair, living, had got in wrong on his paper but he stays fair he will get in right this fall. George Powell reminded me of a stubborn bullcalf. He must have his head chucked into the milk before he will learn to drink. And then Miss Mildred has to put her finger in his mouth. He will soon fatten up and not be so skinny. Mrs. Lewis Mowry got her punishment for calling me "that Old Snyder" when I met her along the road one day. I just went there on purpose and stayed over night and ate her back two notches. If she ever calls me such a name again I hereby notify her that I will stay a week next trip. Women should not call gentlemen Old Men.

Silas Hollar's star on his barn shines very bright. He seemed to be a pretty good fellow at the church opening on that Sunday at Pleasant Hill and may get a brighter star in his crown than the one on his barn. Mrs. Hollar will I'm sure They needed two hundred dollars that day and they soon went way over the top when the subscription was taken up. They even got a dollar from me which is proof of that preacher's powers to raise funds. When a preacher can get money from an editor he is some good anyhow.

Several men in the Buffalo R. F. D. will please remember when the 4th of July comes. Among them are: B. F. Leydig, Harry Miller, Charles Lafferty, Sam Frazier and Silas Clites. Silas was loudest in his promise but he may forget. Uncle Billy McFerran has sold his farm and now intends to live without working or eating. I ate one meal with him to teach him how. J. H. Meyers is the only country blacksmith in his section and has not yet learned to charge double price for his work. I drove up to Jim Lafferty's one day and informed of three wants: horsefeed, dinner and one-fifty. I got them all freely so I voted the whole family all right especially the baby girl. I must not tell anything on her now. I will wait seven years. Leaving Mr. Lafferty's I was directed in a short cut over the hill by the Lewis farm which has been vacated. When nearing the old buildings I saw a man plowing. I went over to see him but he was like the Irishman's flea. He jumped the fence and left the team standing. I called and called but no man answered. I suppose he thought I was a German coming over the hill however and when Albert Smith's horses saw a buggy coming down over that feathered road they scared nearly as bad as the plowman above. The next man scared was Albert Bruck. He had a five dollar bill handed to him that day. He turned his head and held the bill out backwards toward me. He will never see that bill again. Albert married Ada Shroyer and that's enough good luck for one man to say nothing of the fine baby boy.

I stopped on a Saturday evening at John Clites place. Mrs. Clites subscribed and paid for the Gazette when he was out in the field and it pleased him so much that he invited me to stay over Sunday with him to make it even. I enjoyed the stay very much but must not tell too much.

Near Madley I found a former girl friend at R. A. Poorbaugh's. Poorbaugh was away at the time. They have a fine boy between them and are prouder yet over it than Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bruck and that is prouder some. Must stop now and keep-a-going.

D. W. Snyder

**HEINZ URGES
SIMPLICITY**

War-time Brings Necessity For
Economy and Earnest
Conservation Effort.

AVOID ALL EXTRAVAGANCE

At Public Banquets and in Home Entertainment Needs of the Nation Should be Considered.

Howard Heinz, Federal Food Administrator for Pennsylvania, made an emphatic statement regarding the waste of food which he believes may occur in too many instances, in private homes through elaborate dinner parties, and at public entertainments in the shape of costly banquets. He said:

"At intervals, for months past, I have read in the columns of the daily newspapers of the state accounts of elaborate private entertainments in the way of luncheons, dinners and similar functions in which there doubtless is, in at least some instances, a great and unnecessary waste. The food is often prepared and served on such occasions in such a way that it is practically impossible to utilize any of the remains of the banquet or make available for use the food in any other form."

"Our people should refrain from elaborate dinners and social entertainments where costly meals are a feature. This class of social functions should be marked by war-time simplicity. In all things there should be strict observance of Food Administration rules. The number of extra meals should be minimized. They are, for the most part, unnecessary."

"We are at war. The families of England have meat only twice a week. In France the population between 13 and 60 years of age is permitted to have only one and a half slices of bread per day per person. To win the war we must not only preach conservation, but practice it."

"I am not only opposing the idea of private dinners, public banquets or social functions, but I insist that war-time simplicity should prevail at them by moderation in the number of courses served. I urge upon our people that dinners, luncheons and banquets should be an example to the world of rigid conservation of food. Portions should be smaller. They should be prepared and served in accordance with food laws. Articles of diet not on the restricted list should be used."

"At commercial and business gatherings an example should be set and a menu in accordance with the strict requirements of the war-times in which we live be offered."

"Food waste is a crime. It is a crime against the starving millions of Europe, who are asking us for food: it is a crime against our soldiers and the soldiers of our Allies, who are fighting for us on the battle fields of Europe."

**"SAVE ICE," SAYS
FOOD DIRECTOR**

Mr. Heinz Points Out Need For
Conservation and Warns
Against Waste.

"Saving of ice has become an imperative duty on the part of all consumers," said Howard Heinz, U. S. Food Administrator for Pennsylvania. "It is true that large supplies of natural ice were stored last winter, but it is a question whether the supply will be sufficient to meet the heavy demands which an unusually hot summer may bring about. Certainly all waste should be eliminated."

"There will be heavy drafts on the ice supply this summer for refrigeration purposes in the shipment of meat abroad, as well as for the transportation of fruit and fresh vegetables in this country. Preparation should be made by the public to meet this situation, and I hope for the co-operation of the people of Pennsylvania in conserving the supply."

"Manufacturers of artificial ice may find themselves handicapped by the shortage in the ammonia supply. Demand for ammonia in the manufacture of ammunition is steadily increasing, and, as the war goes on, these increases will continue. The ammonia situation is not serious or threatening now, but it is just as well to provide against possibilities as well as probabilities."

"Householders should never allow ice to lie on the doorstep and melt after it has been delivered from the wagon. It will last longer in the ice-box or refrigerator if wrapped in a thick covering of newspaper or cloth. Restaurants and hotels which are in the habit of serving a large heap of cracked ice in deep dishes when serving claims may well save something in that service. Dispensers of the various beverages will be able to effect economy in the use of ice if they give the matter attention."

"There is no doubt that thousands of tons of ice are wasted every summer and a large part of this waste is avoidable."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

**SUNDAY SCHOOL
LESSON**

(By REV. F. B. FLETCHER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the
Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 16

THE SON OF GOD GIVING HIS LIFE
A RANSOM FOR MANY.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 15:1-47.
GOLDEN TEXT—Truly this man was
the Son of God.—Mark 15:39.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Isaiah 52:13-53:12.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR
TEACHERS—Matthew 27:32-61; Luke 23:26-55; John 19:16-42.

PRIMARY AND JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus gives his life for others.
INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The suffering Savior.
SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Christ dying for our sins.

The grand climax of the year's lessons thus far is reached in this one. If the significance of the crucifixion is not apprehended, all the lessons thus far are meaningless. It is not a matter of learning lessons taught by a great teacher, or imitating the example of a great and good man, but of apprehending the vicarious atonement made by the world's Redeemer. Christ saves, not by his ethics, but by his shed blood. His death was purposeful and absolutely voluntary.

I. Jesus Arraigned Before Pilate (vv. 1-15).

In the early morning, after the mock trial before the high priest, they bound Jesus and delivered him to Pilate. They act freely in this according to the evil desires of their own hearts.

II. Jesus Crowned With Thorns (vv. 16-20).

Knowing that Jesus had been condemned for claiming to be Israel's king, they in mockery crown him with a wreath of thorns, and salute him "King of the Jews." Not only this, but they smote him on the head and spit upon him and went through a process of mock worship. The crown of thorns typifies the curse which he bore for man's sin.

III. Jesus Crucified (vv. 21-41).

1. Led away to the place of crucifixion (vv. 21-23).

At first they compelled him to bear his own cross, but when physical weakness made this impossible, they compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear it for him. It is beautiful to note that the son of this Cyrenian who bore the cross of Jesus came to believe on him (Romans 16:13). Because of the scourging and cruel indignities heaped upon him, they actually were obliged to bear him to Golgotha. His face was marked by the thorns and cruel blows, so that there was "no form or comeliness" (Isa. 53:2). All this he endured for us. He drank this bitter cup to its very dregs and refused to drink the "wine mingled with myrrh," which would have deadened his pain. He went all the way in his sufferings.

2. Gambling for the clothing of the Lord (vv. 24, 25).

Having nailed him to the cross they gambled for the seamless robe under the very cross where he was dying, and in their heartless cruelty they sat down to watch him die (Matt. 27:36).

3. The superscription (v. 26).

It was customary to place over the victim on the Cross the name and crime of the offender. Though Pilate did this in mockery to vex the Jews, the title was absolutely true. He was indeed their King. They had long looked for him, and now when he came they crucified him. Though he wore a crown of thorns in derision, he will come again wearing a crown of glory, and before him all shall bow. God hasten the day!

4. Between two thieves (vv. 27, 28).

This added to his shame. His identification with two robbers was the fulfillment of the Scripture—"Numbered with the transgressors."

5. The dying Savior reviled (vv. 29-32).

This reviling was engaged in by the passers-by, the chief priests and the thieves who were crucified with him. In this nameless agony and shame they taunted him by bidding him come down from the cross, and derisively saying, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." They unconsciously uttered a great truth. He could not save himself and others, so he chose to die to save others. Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

6. Darkness upon the land (v. 33).

This was at noonday. So shocking was this crime that nature threw around the Son of God a shroud to hide him from the gaze of a Godless company.

7. The cry from the Cross (vv. 34-37).

What awful anguish when God laid the world's sins upon his beloved Son! When the price was fully paid. Jesus dismissed his spirit. No one took his life; he gave it up. His death was unlike that of any other.

8. The rent veil (v. 38).

This symbolized the giving up of his life (Feb. 10:20).

9. The centurion's confession (v. 39).

10. The lingering group of women (vv. 40, 41).

They who had lovingly ministered to him in life were waiting to see where they could bury his precious body.

IV. Christ's Burial (vv. 42-47).

Loving hands now take the precious body and lay it in Joseph's new tomb. This man who did not consent to the foul treatment of the Lord now risks his reputation, and by his action makes a bold confession of the Lord. The sinless Son of God is placed in a new tomb.

FOR SALE

A good Farm in Hopewell Township, containing 176 acres, 100 acres cleared, balance well timbered, good buildings, slate roofs. Bank Barn 80 x 45. Large Silo, good soft water. Tenant House with six rooms. 1 1/2 miles from Cypher Station. Very convenient to church and school.

TATE & CESSNA

Real Estate Agents
Room Seven, Ridenour Block,
BEDFORD, PENNA.

"The Treatment You Finally Take!"

OLD DR. THEEL'S

1712 Spring Garden St. 1895

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Only one guarantee

you receive in 10 days or your money back

These are the only testimonials for

Old Dr. Theel's

IGOT CURED! OLD DR. THEEL'S

German Treatment cured me of all my troubles under such

trial & other drugs, also latest 600 injection

ment of specific blood poison. General Western

took me to Dr. Theel who cured him from the worst

of skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Losers 25 years ago. Sufferers from Special A. Chro-

nic skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Robbed & Fleeced, this I was, and for Old Dr. Theel's

book, a revelation to suffering Young & Old. Men & Women.

IGOT CURED! OLD DR. THEEL'S

German Treatment cured me of all my troubles under such

trial & other drugs, also latest 600 injection

ment of specific blood poison. General Western

took me to Dr. Theel who cured him from the worst

of skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Losers 25 years ago. Sufferers from Special A. Chro-

nic skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Robbed & Fleeced, this I was, and for Old Dr. Theel's

book, a revelation to suffering Young & Old. Men & Women.

IGOT CURED! OLD DR. THEEL'S

German Treatment cured me of all my troubles under such

trial & other drugs, also latest 600 injection

ment of specific blood poison. General Western

took me to Dr. Theel who cured him from the worst

of skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Losers 25 years ago. Sufferers from Special A. Chro-

nic skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Robbed & Fleeced, this I was, and for Old Dr. Theel's

book, a revelation to suffering Young & Old. Men & Women.

IGOT CURED! OLD DR. THEEL'S

German Treatment cured me of all my troubles under such

trial & other drugs, also latest 600 injection

ment of specific blood poison. General Western

took me to Dr. Theel who cured him from the worst

of skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Losers 25 years ago. Sufferers from Special A. Chro-

nic skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Robbed & Fleeced, this I was, and for Old Dr. Theel's

book, a revelation to suffering Young & Old. Men & Women.

IGOT CURED! OLD DR. THEEL'S

German Treatment cured me of all my troubles under such

trial & other drugs, also latest 600 injection

ment of specific blood poison. General Western

took me to Dr. Theel who cured him from the worst

of skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Losers 25 years ago. Sufferers from Special A. Chro-

nic skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Robbed & Fleeced, this I was, and for Old Dr. Theel's

book, a revelation to suffering Young & Old. Men & Women.

IGOT CURED! OLD DR. THEEL'S

German Treatment cured me of all my troubles under such

trial & other drugs, also latest 600 injection

ment of specific blood poison. General Western

took me to Dr. Theel who cured him from the worst

of skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Losers 25 years ago. Sufferers from Special A. Chro-

nic skin disease. Dr. Theel, I have been a

Robbed & Fleeced, this I was, and for Old Dr. Theel's

book, a revelation to suffering Young & Old. Men & Women.



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

© 1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

fare. On the morning of the eighth day they paraded at ten o'clock, and were inspected and passed by General H—, then were marched to the quartermaster's, to draw their gas helmets and trench equipment.

At four in the afternoon they were again hustled into cattle cars. This time the journey lasted two days. They disembarked at the town of Frevent and could hear a distant dull booming. With knees shaking, Lloyd asked the sergeant what the noise was, and nearly dropped when the sergeant replied in a somewhat bored tone:

"Oh, them's the guns up the line. We'll be up there in a couple o' days or so. Don't worry, my laddie, you'll see more of 'em than you want before you get 'ome to Blighty again, that is, if you're lucky enough to get back. Now lend a hand there unloadin' them cars, and quit that everlastin' shakin'. I believe yer scared." The last with a contemptuous sneer.

They marched ten kilos, full pack, to a little dilapidated village, and the sound of the guns grew louder, constantly louder.

The village was full of soldiers who turned out to inspect the new draft, the men who were shortly to be their mates in the trenches, for they were going "up the line" on the morrow, to "take over" their certain sector of trenches.

The draft was paraded in front of battalion headquarters and the men were assigned to companies.

Lloyd was the only man assigned to D company. Perhaps the officer in charge of the draft had something to do with it, for he called Lloyd aside and said:

"Lloyd, you are going to a new company. No one knows you. Your bed will be as you make it, so for God's sake, brace up and be a man. I think you have the stuff in you, my boy, so good-by and the best of luck to you."

The next day the battalion took over their part of the trenches. It happened to be a very quiet day. The artillery behind the lines was still, except for an occasional shell sent over to let the Germans know the gunners were not asleep.

In the darkness, in single file, the company slowly wended their way down the communication trench to the front line. No one noticed Lloyd's white and drawn face.

After they had relieved the company in the trenches, Lloyd, with two of the old company men, was put on guard in one of the traverses. Not a shot was fired from the German lines, and no one paid any attention to him crouched on the firing step.

On the first time in, a new recruit is not required to stand with his head "over the top." He only "sits it out," while the older men keep watch.

At about ten o'clock, all of a sudden, he thought hell had broken loose, and crouched and shivered up against the parapet. Shells started bursting, as he

imagined, right in their trench, when in fact they were landing about a hundred yards in rear of them, in the second line.

One of the older men on guard, turning to his mate, said:

"There goes Fritz with those d—d trench mortars again. It's about time our artillery 'taped' them, and sent over a few. Well, I'll be d—d, where's that blighter of a draft man gone to? There's his rifle leaning against the parapet. He must have legged it. Just keep your eye peeled, Dick, while I report it to the sergeant. I wonder if the fool knows he can be shot for such tricks as leavin' his post?"

Lloyd had gone. When the trench mortars opened up, a maddening terror seized him and he wanted to run, to get away from that horrible din, anywhere to safety. So quietly sneaking around the traverse, he came to the entrance of a communication trench, and ran madly and blindly down it, running into traverses, stumbling into muddy holes, and falling full length over trench grids.

Groping blindly, with his arms stretched out in front of him, he at last came out of the trench into the village, or what used to be a village, before the German artillery razed it.

Mixed with his fear, he had a peculiar sort of cunning, which whispered to him to avoid all sentries, because if they saw him he would be sent back to that awful destruction in the front line, and perhaps be killed or maimed. The thought made him shudder, the cold sweat coming out in beads on his face.

On his left, in the darkness, he could make out the shadowy forms of trees; crawling on his hands and knees, stopping and crouching with fear at each shell-burst, he finally reached an old orchard and covered at the base of a shot-scarred apple tree.

He remained there all night, listening to the sound of the guns and ever praying, praying that his useless life would be spared.

As dawn began to break, he could discern little dark objects protruding from the ground all about him. Curiosity mastered his fear and he crawled to one of the objects, and there, in the uncertain light, he read on a little wooden cross:

"Pte. H. S. Wheaton, No. 1670, 1st London Regt. R. F. Killed in action, April 25, 1916. R. I. P." (Rest in Peace).

When it dawned on him that he had been hiding all night in a cemetery his reason seemed to leave him, and a mad desire to be free from it all made him rush madly away, falling over little wooden crosses, smashing some and trampling others under his feet.

In his flight he came to an old French dugout, half caved in and partially filled with slimy and filthy water.

Like a fox being chased by the

hounds, he ducked into this hole, and threw himself on a pile of old empty sandbags, wet and mildewed. Then—unconsciousness.

On the next day, he came to; far distant voices sounded in his ears. Opening his eyes, in the entrance of the dugout he saw a corporal and two men with fixed bayonets.

The corporal was addressing him: "Get up, you white-livered blighter! Curse you and the day you ever joined D company, spoiling their fine record! It'll be you up against the wall, and a good job too. Get hold of him, men, and if he makes a break, give him the bayonet, and send it home, the cowardly sneak. Come on, you, move, we've been looking for you long enough."

Lloyd, trembling and weakened by his long fast, tottered out, assisted by a soldier on each side of him.

They took him before the captain, but could get nothing out of him but: "For God's sake, sir, don't have me shot, don't have me shot!"

The captain, utterly disgusted with him, sent him under escort to division headquarters for trial by court-martial, charged with desertion under fire. They shoot deserters in France.

During his trial, Lloyd sat as one dazed, and could put nothing forward in his defense, only an occasional "Don't have me shot!"

His sentence was passed: "To be shot at 3:38 o'clock in the morning of May 18, 1916." This meant that he had only one more day to live.

He did not realize the awfulness of his sentence; his brain seemed paralyzed. He knew nothing of his trip, under guard, in a motor lorry to the sandbagged guardroom in the village, where he was dumped on the floor and left, while a sentry with a fixed bayonet paced up and down in front of the entrance.

Bully beef, water and biscuits were left beside him for his supper.

The sentry, seeing that he ate nothing, came inside and shook him by the shoulder, saying in a kind voice:

"Cheero, laddie, better eat something. You'll feel better. Don't give up hope. You'll be pardoned before morning. I know the way they run these things. They're only trying to scare you, that's all. Come now, that's a good lad, eat something. It'll make the world look different to you."

The good-hearted sentry knew he was lying about the pardon. He knew nothing short of a miracle could save the poor lad.

Lloyd listened eagerly to his sentry's words, and believed them. A look of hope came into his eyes, and he ravenously ate the meal beside him.

In about an hour's time, the chaplain came to see him, but Lloyd would have none of him. He wanted no pardon; he was to be pardoned.

The artillery behind the lines suddenly opened up with everything they had. An intense bombardment of the enemy's lines had commenced. The roar of the guns was deafening. Lloyd's fears came back with a rush, and he covered on the earthen floor with his hands over his face.

The sentry, seeing his position, came in and tried to cheer him by talking to him:

"Never mind them guns, boy, they won't hurt you. They are ours. We are giving the Boches a dose of their



He Betrayed His Country.

own medicine. Our boys are going over the top at dawn of the morning to take their trenches. We'll give 'em a taste of cold steel with their sawsages and beer. You just sit tight now until they relieve you. I'll have to go now, lad, as it's nearly time for my relief, and I don't want them to see me a-talkin' with you. So long, laddie, cheero."

With this, the sentry resumed the pacing of his post. In about ten minutes' time he was relieved, and a D company man took his place.

Looking into the guardhouse, the sentry noticed the cowering attitude of Lloyd, and, with a sneer, said to him:

"Instead of whimpering in that corner, you ought to be saying your prayers. It's bally conscripts like you what's spoilin' our record. We've been out here nigh onto eighteen months, and you're the first man to desert his post. The whole battalion is laughin'

and pekin' fun at D company, bad luck to you! but you won't get another chance to disgrace us. They'll put your lights out in the mornin'."

After listening to this tirade, Lloyd, in a fluttering voice, asked: "They are not going to shoot me, are they? Why, the other sentry said they'd pardon me. For God's sake—don't tell me I'm to be shot!" and his voice died away in a sob.

"Of course, they're going to shoot you. The other sentry was jest a-kiddin' you. Jest like old Smith. Always a-tryin' to cheer some one. You ain't got no more chance o' bein' pardoned than I have of gettin' to be colonel of my batt'."

When the fact that all hope was gone finally entered Lloyd's brain, a calm seemed to settle over him, and rising to his knees, with his arms stretched out to heaven, he prayed, and all of his soul entered into the prayer.

"O, good and merciful God, give me strength to die like a man! Deliver me from this coward's death. Give me a chance to die like my mates in the fighting line, to die fighting for my country. I ask this of thee."

A peace, hitherto unknown, came to him, and he crouched and covered no more, but calmly waited the dawn, ready to go to his death. The shells were bursting all around the guardroom, but he hardly noticed them.

While waiting there, the voice of the sentry, singing in a low tone, came to him. He was singing the chorus of the popular trench ditty:

I want to go home, I want to go home
I don't want to go to the trenches no more.
Where the "whizzbangs" and "sausages" roar,
Take me over the sea, where the Allemands can't get at me
Oh, my, I don't want to die! I want to go home.

Lloyd listened to the words with a strange interest, and wondered what kind of a home he would go to across the Great Divide. It would be the only home he had ever known.

Suddenly there came a great rushing through the air, a blinding, a deafening report, and the sandbag walls of the guardroom toppled over, and then—blackness.

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardroom. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed bursting. He slowly rose on his elbow, and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had "gone home." He was safe at last from the "whizzbangs" and the Allemands.

Like a flash it came to Lloyd that he was free. Free to go "over the top" with his company. Free to die like a true Briton fighting for his king and country. A great gladness and warmth came over him. Carefully stepping over the body of the sentry, he started on a mad race down the ruined street of the village, amid the bursting shells, minding them not, dodging through or around hurrying platoons on their way to also go "over the top." Coming to a communication trench he could not get through. It was blocked with laughing, cheering and cursing soldiers. Climbing out of the trench, he ran wildly along the top, never heeding the rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, not even hearing the shouts of the officers, telling him to get back into the trench. He was going to join his company who were in the front line. He was going to fight with them. He, the despised coward, had come into his own.

While he was racing along, jumping over trenches crowded with soldiers, a ringing cheer broke out all along the front line, and his heart sank. He knew he was too late. His company had gone over. But still he ran madly. He would catch them. He would die with them.

Meanwhile his company had gone "over." They, with the other companies had taken the first and second German trenches, and had pushed steadily on to the third line. D company, led by their captain, the one who had sent Lloyd to division headquarters for trial, charged with desertion, had pushed steadily forward until they found themselves far in advance of the rest of the attacking force. "Bombing out" trench after trench, and using their bayonets, they came to a German communication trench, which ended in a blind sap, and then the captain, and what was left of his men, knew they were in a trap. They would not retire. D company never retired, and they were D company. Right in front of them they could see hundreds of Germans preparing to rush them with bomb and bayonet. They would have some chance if ammunition and bombs could reach them from the rear. Their supply was exhausted, and the men realized it would be a case of dying as bravely as possible, or making a run for it. But D company would not run. It was against their traditions and principles.

The Germans would have to advance across an open space of three to four hundred yards before they could get within bombing distance of the trench, and then it would be all their own way. Turning to his company, the captain said:

"Men, it's a case of going West for us. We are out of ammunition and bombs, and the Boches have us in a trap. They will bomb us out. Our bayonets are useless here. We will have to go over and meet them, and it's a case of thirty to one, so send every thrust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and

at them. Give them h—! Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men."

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncommissioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was nimbly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotties, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he sped past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said: "Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company—"

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d—d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down.

Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumb-

piece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38." "Pink!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

"The sentence of the court had been 'duly carried out.'"

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

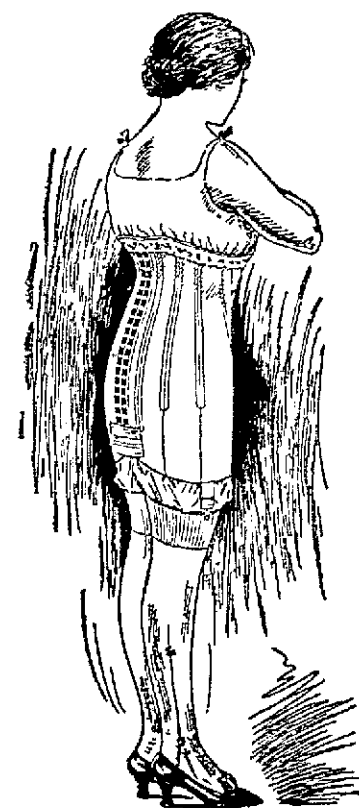
That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

(To Be Continued)



The PLEZ-U SHOP

"Sa Camille"

front lace corset, which for accuracy of fit, beauty of lines and fineness of material is unequalled

Ventilo Back

an improvement that makes possible more comfort than any corset before gave.

HAVE YOU A BAD BACK?

If You Have, the Statement of this Bedford Resident Will Interest You

Does your back ache, night and day? Hinder work, destroy your rest? Does it stab you through and through When you stoop or lift or bend? Then your kidneys may be weak. Often backache is the clue Just to give you further proof. The kidney action may be wrong. If attention is not paid More distress will soon appear Headaches, dizzy spells and nerves, 'Trie acid and its ills Make the burden worse and worse Liniments and plasters can't Reach the inward cause at all, Help the kidneys—use the pills Bedford folks have tried and proved. What they say you can believe. Read this Bedford woman's account. See her, ask her, it you doubt.

Mrs. John Harnishfager, 33 E. John St., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills for backaches and kidney weakness and they benefited me more than any other medicine I have ever used."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

More Convincing.

Valet—"One of your creditors wishes to see you, sir." "Tell him I'm out." Valet—"Yes, sir. And I'll just light one of your best cigars, sir; he'll be more likely to believe me then."

A War-Time Request from "Information"

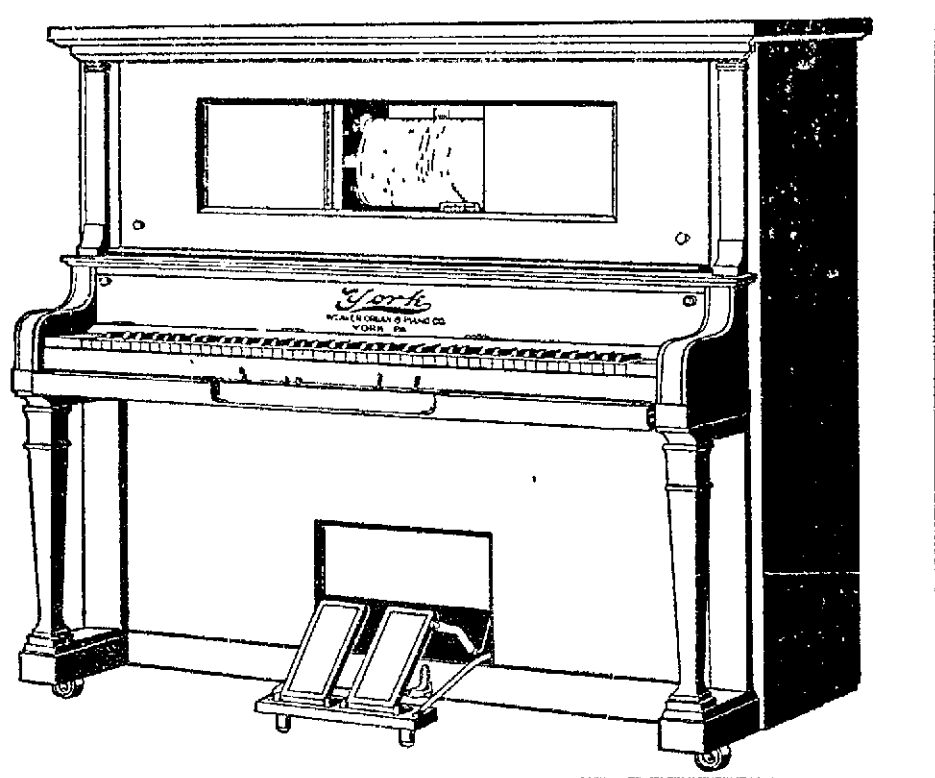
THOUSANDS of times each day our "Information" operators are asked for telephone numbers which are listed correctly in the telephone directory.

Calls to "Information" require greater service on the part of the operator, more time, and a more extended general use of telephone equipment, than any other form of local calls.

Great activity in business has brought about tremendously enlarged volumes of telephone calling and demands for telephone service; telephone users will assist in handling this war-time load if they will ask for "Information" only after they have looked carefully in the directory for the number. Then the facilities required in handling the unnecessary information calls may be applied to care for the increasing volumes of important messages. Telephone service and communication are vital today; don't call "Information" unless you absolutely have to and thus help us as we serve!

THE CENTRAL DISTRICT TELEPHONE COMPANY
G. H. FULMER, Local Mgr.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.





The Biggest Piano Sale

EVER HELD IN BEDFORD COUNTY

Starts Tomorrow June 15

Three Car Loads of Weaver and York Pianos Will Be Sold During This Sale.

Your Best Chance in Perhaps Many Years to Come.

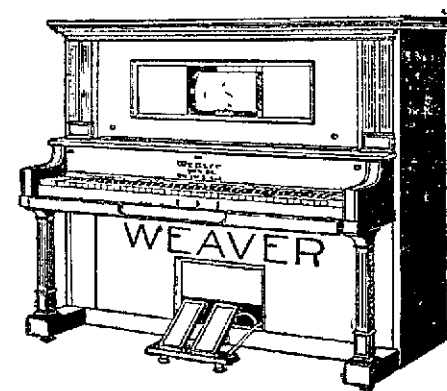
Regardless of the now existing raises in price and curtailment in Manufacturing of High-Grade Instruments---The prices on all instruments will surprise you as they are Low owing to the fact that they were "Quantity Prices" and all Instruments were contracted for previous to the extreme recent advance in prices. This is your chance to save. Don't fail to take it up.

The Bedford Springs Hotel was Equipped with these Pianos this week. Can you ask for a better endorsement of the High Quality and Standard of the Pianos? You cannot go wrong in following the choice of such a hotel.

The "Fort Bedford Inn" was Equipped last year. Get their endorsement if you wish.

Also fifty of these instruments were sold to your friends and neighbors last year in Bedford County. Ask them.

I will have a factory Expert and Demonstrator during the entire sale who will show you the points of superiority in Weaver made pianos.



GIVEN FREE

Season Chautauqua Tickets with each piano (Limited to Four) sold between the Opening of Sale and Opening date of the Bedford Chautauqua, June 29th.

Don't forget this as you will be, going to the CHAUTAUQUA no matter where you live. It will be great this year.

ALL THE NEW FINISHES

Art Mahogany, Fancy Walnut, Early English Oak. You will want to see them to compare and appreciate these fancy cases.

CALL TO SEE THESE BEAUTIFUL INSTRUMENTS AND GET A SOUVENIR---FREE

Other fine makes of pianos will be sold also during this sale. Also a number of good used Upright Pianos recently exchanged in, will be sold at bargain prices. Act quick as these will not last long.

Fred S. Sammel's Piano Store

ALL MUSICAL MERCHANDISE